

Poetry.

My Four Ships.

I stood and watched my ships go out,
One by one, humming free,
What time the quiet harbor filled
With the sound of their oars.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy,
She sailed a smooth white smile,
And carried down with her bright sails
Before the laughing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope;
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find in western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love;
She showed a red flag to the mast,
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And towards the north she sailed.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith;
She sailed a smile as bright as day,
Tucked and lay to, at last she sailed
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships they sailed away
Over the shining summer sea;
I stood and watched for many a day,
But only one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Fate,
Hope ran upon a hidden reef,
And Love took fire and fumed her fate,
Mid whirling seas of grief.

With came at last, storm-blast and torn,
She recomposed me all my loss,
For as a cargo safe she brought
A crown of life to a cross.

Valentine.

The old "valentine" said, as he stood by his gate,
And his neighbor, the deacon, went by,
"In spite of my bank stock and real estate,
You are better off, deacon, than I."

"We're both growing old, and the end's
Drawing near;
You have less of this world to resign,
But in heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,
Will reckon up greater than mine."

"They say I am right, but I'm feeling no poor,
I wish I could swap with you even
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in
Store."

"Well, 'quint," said the deacon, with a shrug
Common sense,
While his eye had a twinkle of fun,
"Let your pounds take the way of my shill-
ings and pence,
And the thing can be easily done."

A Song.

Love, on your grave in the ground
Sweet flowers I planted are growing;
Lilies and violets abound,
Pansies border all round,
And cowslips all of my sowing,
A creeper is trying to cover
Your grave with a kiss like a lover.

Dear, on your grave, in my heart,
Grow flowers you planted when living,
Memories that cannot depart,
Faith in life's better part,
Love, all of my giving,
And hope, climbing higher, is sure
To reach you as life grows purer.

Selected Tale.

SAVED BY FIRE.

"Houl, houl! man, there'll be no moon to night."

"But caution, Ritchie, caution! Dinna let a straw slip away from ye for the sake of a single cargo."

"Slip away from yourself, you mean, ye said skintit," said the first speaker, a short, dark man in the dress of a fisherman.

"Aweel, I was ye would change places w' me, Ritchie Forbister," responded his companion in a hither tone.

"The profits of the trade are handsome enough—ye ken that—but the loss of peace, an' the dread that hangs upon me night an' day, ye say, my bonny, mitherless bairn Maggie should learn her father's diagnosis!" calling—

"There she is!" interrupted the fisherman in a tone of subdued excitement.

"Merry What! Maggie?" exclaimed George Heppburn, springing from the boulder on which he sat, and looking around eagerly. "Where do ye spy the lass?"

"Na, ye, ye said it—the ingger. H! Davie, man, bear a hand w' the light!"

It was a wild scene. Five or six fishermen were clustered in the mouth of a small cave looking out upon the calm waves of the German ocean. Above them rose a black and almost perpendicular cliff for a distance of two hundred feet and more, whose summit on a dark night, such as this, seemed to one gazing up, to gradually melt away in the lowering clouds.

To the left hand, looking northward, the ocean, a clear day would reveal, stretched out the stately buildings of granite Aberdeen. Southward from the point where these fishermen were gathered, the cliff gradually tapered down to the shore, and there could be seen the straggling cottages of the fishing village from which they, with one exception, came. What their object might be, gazing seaward so anxiously at midnight in gusty March was not at first apparent; but as one or another lit his pipe stealthily, the momentary flash of the match would reveal a pair of pistols stuck in the waist.

They were smugglers.

"There it is again," said Ritchie Forbister, pointing out to sea.

A sudden spark of light had shown itself for barely an instant as he spoke.

"Myheer Huzelaar is in a hurry to-night," remarked George Heppburn, in the same tone of anxiety and dread that had marked his previous conversation. "I wadna be a prophet if I, Ritchie, but I've mair than a doubt that your Dutchman has scented the revenue ships somewhere off the coast. Caution, man."

"Ye are a thuid gowk," waaed that the fisherman delighted to say, as he twisted his head to look up the cliff.

In a small recess scooped out of the face of the rock by wind and rain, five or six yards above, a man held a lantern which he flashed at regular intervals, in response to the signal from the sea.

"Only danger, Davie?" whispered Forbister, who was clearly the leader of the smugglers. "Auld George's here is a' in a sweat for fear of the revenue boats, bless their sharp eyes!"

"Na, there's the third light. Wark awa' my hearties!"

With this, the man descended from his perch and began to take off his jacket, at the same time muttering an imprecation as the moon suddenly beamed forth between the scudding clouds.

About a quarter of a mile from the shore lay the Dutch lugger, her brown sail flapping idly against the mast. Almost in the track of the moonbeams one of her boats was being pulled rapidly towards the shore. A second was already bumping heavily upon the beach, half pebble, half rock, where the fishermen, with the assistance of the boat's crew, were eagerly rolling casks of goods up towards the spot where Heppburn stood.

An imprecation from Ritchie Forbister, who had now reached him, and was about to push a cask through the narrow aperture which formed the cave's mouth.

"What's wrong, Ritchie?" said the other.

"Canna ye tell what's wrong?" Before he could reply, a shower of mud fell from the top of the cliff, and then another.

This was a signal from one of the smugglers stationed at the top of the cliff. It meant that the revenue officers were seen by him. The last shower of mud indicated that they were not only seen but were dangerously near.

Ritchie stood up and took in the whole situation at a glance.

The smugglers, Dutch and English, were hard at work, all unconscious, plainly, of the approach of danger.

And stealthily creeping toward them along the shore, so as to take advantage of any shadow which the precipice might cast, was a large boat full of armed men.

It was yet half a mile distant from the spot where the contraband goods were being landed.

Forbister applied a small whistle to his lips, and blew with sufficient force to be heard by those below, although the sound could scarcely be heard by the revenue officers.

In an instant the rest of the party ceased their work of unloading; another, and with as much method as the boats were reloaded, and the smugglers tumbled in themselves.

Meanwhile Forbister and George Heppburn, the receiver, had reached the water's edge, hearing between them the cask which was about to be concealed in the cave, when the signal was given.

Ritchie scrambled into the boat, and was about to pull his companion in, when the latter exclaimed, in a tone of alarm:

"The stane, man! the stane! We hae not closed the mouth of the cave!"

Then he turned and glided swiftly up the beach.

"Aye, then George to look after his part of the trade," muttered the smuggler to his impatient companions, as he threw himself from the boat and followed.

"Dear aif, brothers," he added, "George and myself must mak' a run for't when our wark's done. Ye should draw the revenue boats awa' while we close the cave. Fire at them, or anything!"

Swift it goes, the two boats made for the lugger, which had not yet sailed, and was bearing down upon them in order to measure the distance they would have to cover.

Then he ran up the beach to assist his companion in closing the cave's mouth. There he found a third person waiting him.

It was Maggie, George Heppburn's daughter, a girl of about fourteen.

"What in the world did ye spring from, lass?" exclaimed the astonished smuggler.

"I speered theither end o' the tunnel that comes down to the cave one day, and I was curious, and father had gagged on, and I came awa' down."

"Aye, ye'll run back the way ye came, this very instant, ye disobedient wench!"

Mr. George E. Schuyler, in his new deed of gift of the American Cup to the New York Yacht Club, put a way to challenge from among yacht clubs, such as the Bay of Quinte Club.

"What w' your claverin', George?" interposed Ritchie. "No tell us mair, blawy—quik!"

"Weel, I didna think my ain father was a smuggler till I saw him down here w' ye, an' then I called to mind what I heard tell up in the village this morn. I heard two strange men say that there was no doubt George Heppburn the sonther had mair than a tub in his cottage, and they'd a mind to search for them before long."

Heppburn turned deadly pale, while his companion muttered an oath.

"Aye, I wad have called out and told ye, but I was awa'f," resumed Ritchie, with a fresh outbreak of awe.

"Weel, might ye be awa'f, Ritchie?" said his father, his paternal anxiety getting the better of his dread of capture or discovery by the revenue officers. "I'd gang back w' ye, Maggie."

"Na, ye will not," replied the smuggler, pushing him on one side. Then he said, concluding, addressing the trembling girl: "Ye are a bold, brave lass; get ye back the way ye came, and put a' straight in the cottage. Your father's life depends on it, or on my way his freedom. Ye hae a lantern—run back."

Evidently, Ritchie Forbister had a much stronger will than his companion, for the latter made no further remonstrance, but proceeded mechanically to assist in concealing the mouth of the cavern, which they did in a very artful manner; and then, not a moment too soon, they crept swiftly away.

Yes, it had all flashed upon the keen brain of Maggie Heppburn but half an hour before. She half understood now, what had long puzzled her, why carts used to stop at the door at the dead of night, and why her father so often had the company of fishermen (smugglers they were, of course), who used to sit up and whisper at hours when they supposed she was fast asleep.

George Heppburn had yielded to the temptation of unlawful gain. He wished to see his only and motherless child possessed of something like wealth when he died, and he had risked honesty and perhaps life for this doubtful stake.

But his child would save him. Keen beyond her years when she bent her mind to anything, that bright-eyed, gentle lass who is hurrying along the dark passages which lead through the cliff to her father's dwelling has already devised a plan as she scrambles along.

After much toil, Maggie arrived at the hollow which lay just beneath her father's cottage. Here she paused and looked around. In various recesses were piled those tubs and casks of spirits which were only too likely to bring ruin upon her misguided parent. She had not perceived them before, not having occasion to suspect their presence.

Maggie softly climbs the ladder which reaches to the floor of the cottage, and listens. Not a sound is to be heard. Then she cautiously lifts the trapdoor, and enters the room which she left but an hour ago, prompted by girlish curiosity.

After gathering over the trapdoor the earth which formed the cottage floor and carefully stamping it down so that it may seem like the rest of the floor, Maggie sits and thinks.

Suddenly a bright idea strikes her, and she jumps up and runs to a corner for a spade. What will she do now?

Let us watch her. The peat fire smoulders but a yard or two from that fatal trapdoor. With eager care Maggie lifts the peats and places them over the trap—the earth between will prevent its igniting. Then she throws on fresh peats, and soon there is a glowing fire on the spot which marks the entrance of that secret cave. This done, the ingenious girl obligingly as well as she can the traces of the previous hearth, and sits down to wait.

Dawn is slowly breaking as George Heppburn, pale and distressed in mind, lifts the latch of the cottage door.

"Bae they been, lass?" is his first eager question.

"Aye, that they have," said the girl, unable to conceal the triumphant smile which stole across her face: "an' they poked here an' poked there, an' stamped all over the place, an' then went awa'."

"An' didna find out the cellar?" said the astonished receiver.

"Na, no; they didna stamp upon the fire, ye ken, for it wad ha' burnt their heels."

Her father looked at Maggie for a moment in utter amazement when he saw how bold and clever had been his device.

"Last ye hae saved the tubs, but that's a small matter. George Heppburn will risk no more at smuggling after this night's wark; an' ye be added, while the tears stood in his eyes, "Maggie, bairn, ye hae saved your father, and I might wae say, as the Scripture puts it, by fire."

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New York's Finest Dwellings.

A DESCRIPTION OF WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S NEW RESIDENCE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Mr. Vanderbilt's new house is the most elegant private residence, inside and outside, in New York city. The building comprises three houses. A central porch divides the building into two sections. The south section is Mr. Vanderbilt's own residence. It is eighty-four feet front by 116 feet deep, and four stories in height. The north section is seventy-four feet front by 106 feet deep, and is divided into two houses.

The houses are of brown stone, in the style of the Greek Renaissance. There is great wealth of carving at many points, chiefly designs of trailing vines. A broad path leads up to the central corridor. The walls of the corridor are of African marble, and the floor is of mosaic. The doors opening to the right and left are bronze, set with sculptural medallions. They are copies of the Gilbert gates at Florence, and they cost \$20,000. They open to the left on a vestibule from which three bronze doors open, one into the main hall and two into reception rooms at the sides. The hall extends the full height of the house. Eight red marble pillars with bronze capitals support galleries on each floor, which lead to the living rooms. It is lighted by nine large stained glass windows. The walls are wainscoted with carved English oak twelve feet high, and opposite the entrance is a mantelpiece of red marble and bronze. It reaches to the first gallery, and has on each side two life-size female figures in high relief. The door to the east of the hall opens on the drawing-room. The walls are covered with carved woodwork inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and in the panels, are hung with pale red velvet, on which are embroidered designs of flowers and foliage. At the side of each door are columns of onyx with bronze capitals, bearing vases of stained glass and clusters of lights. In the corners are other clusters, upheld by female figures of solid silver. The ceiling is of blue and gold, but will eventually be covered by paintings by Galland. The dimensions of the room are twenty-five by thirty-one feet. Gilded and carved sliding doors draped with rich curtains give access on the north to the library, and on the south to the Japanese parlor. In the library the book cases, mantels and doors are of rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and bronze. The ceiling is set with panels containing small square mirrors. The dimensions of the library are seventeen by twenty-six feet. A door on the west opens on Mr. Vanderbilt's private reception-room, where the walls are wainscoted with mahogany, and above that covered with stamped leather.

In the Japanese parlor the ceiling is of bamboo, picked out with red, green and yellow lacquer work. A low-toned tapestry of Japanese velvet in curious designs covers the walls and the furniture. The lower part of the walls are hidden by a fantastic cabinet, with innumerable pigeonholes, shelves and cupboards. At various points are bronze panels, picked out in gold and silver. The dimensions are the same as the library.

To the west is the dining-room, twenty-eight feet wide by thirty-seven feet long. It is wainscoted in English oak, and above, supported on brackets, are glass-fronted cases holding the silver, porcelain and glass. The gilded panels of the arched ceiling are filled with carvings of fruits and foliage, and the spaces with paintings of hunting scenes by Luminis, of Paris. The furniture is of English oak with brass ornaments, and covered with stamped leather.

The great picture gallery is to the west of the main hall and occupies the entire rear of the building. The dimensions are thirty-two feet by forty-eight. The ceiling is thirty-five feet high and is chiefly formed of a sky-light in opalescent and tinted glass, leaded in quaint designs. A monumental mantelpiece of red African marble, with cone of glass mosaic work, occupies the western wall. The woodwork of the room is of black oak, with San Domingo mahogany for the caryatides and pilasters. The floor is inlaid with the same mahogany, and bordered with a mosaic of Siena and black marble in the Pompeian style. The walls above the wainscoting are covered with a dark red tapestry to set off the pictures. Over the door on the north, east and south sides are beautiful connecting with the second story of the house. The one on the south opens into the conservatory. The gallery has a separate entrance from Fifty-first street, and the vestibule is entirely—floor, walls and ceiling—of marble mosaic work, made in Venice. North of the gallery is the square room. This is finished in Circassian wainscoting, Moorish style, touched here and there with bright colors.

To the right as one enters the main hall is the wide staircase with bronze balustrade. The first landing opens on a gallery which runs around the square room. On the second floor the room in the northeast corner is the family parlor. It is finished in ebony, inlaid with ivory. The walls are covered with a dark blue silk brocade, and the ceiling is divided into small panels, with paintings of children at play. The next room on Fifth avenue is Mr. Vanderbilt's bedroom, furnished by Alard, of Paris. The walls are of white marble, hung with silk, and the ceiling is covered with the painting, "A Wakening of Aurora," by Lafenue. The fresco is of rosewood and mahogany. The room is twenty-six feet square. Mr. Vanderbilt's room, and adjoining, is finished in rosewood, inlaid with satin wood. His dressing room is wainscoted eight feet high in glass opalescent tiles of blue, gold and silver, and gilded on the backs. The bath tub and basins are of mahogany and silver, and are concealed by sliding plate-glass mirrors. The large room on Fifty-first street is a library, fitted up in mahogany and stamped leather. The bedroom included with Miss Leila, now Mrs. Webb, is fitted with rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The mirrors are painted with an imitation of lacquer work through which children's heads peep.

Between six hundred and seven hundred men were employed for a year and a half on the interior decorations. Sixty sculptors were brought from Europe and kept at work for two years. The total cost, including the furniture, is said to have been three million dollars.

An Actor's Success.

THE EFFICIENT EDWIN FORREST'S "WAR WHOO!" HAD ON A HAND OF INDIANS.

Many years ago, while Edwin Forrest was playing an engagement in a Western theatre, White Cloud and a number of other Indian chiefs were on their return from Washington. Stepping in the town over night, they were conducted to the theatre to see the great American tragedian, Mr. Forrest was then in the prime of life, his voice being up to the maximum of a tenor. The play on that evening was "Metamora," which is now in the possession of John McCullough. White Cloud and his band of warriors were accommodated with seats in a stage-box. The theatre was crowded, and it was very evident that the audience were anxious to observe what effect the performance would have on the simple pure children of the forest. The play proceeded, and although the Indians could not understand a single word that was said, yet they appeared to be much interested, occasionally giving to one another a satisfactory grunt. After a while they became rather uneasy, which seemed to be simultaneous among them all. This was more apparent when the war-whoop came from behind the scenes. The eyes of the audience were upon White Cloud, who two or three times grasped the tomahawk in his belt. The other warriors did so likewise. The party were getting more excited as the play proceeded. They looked at each other with anxiety; their eyes indexed the fact that their "souls were in arms." Presently Metamora, with uplifted tomahawk, rushed upon the stage, and when he gave that war-whoop, which none but a Forrest could do, the Indians could remain in their seats no longer. Forrest gave a nod and a shrill whoop, whereupon White Cloud and his band, joining in full chorus, sprang upon the stage, and, brandishing their tomahawks and glittering knives, rushed toward Metamora. Forrest was dumfounded for a moment, but he soon took in the situation, and, finding that the test Indians were on his side, ready to die in his behalf, he felt that he had achieved one of the greatest triumphs in the profession he so much loved during his eventful life. In detailing this anecdote Forrest said that he was not really aware at the time of the performance that he was using an exact "whoop" for reinforcements, but the wild Indians understood it and responded as followers of Metamora. The house was thrown into the wildest excitement, which soon cooled down, with the general belief that it was the best performance and most effective rendition of the Indian play ever made by the distinguished actor, San Francisco Tattler.

Said old Cornelius Vanderbilt to a young man who came to tell him the sad story of how he had lost money by stock operations: "Sonny, don't ever buy what you can't pay for, and don't sell what you haven't got."

The crop of individuals who try to get rich at a jump is as large as ever. The stock market quotations alone convince them that "all that glitters is not gold."

It is stated that Senator David Davis will favor the division of Dakota and the admission of the southern portion as a State.

A Baby Saved!

Since birth my baby had turning convulsions, and the doctors said that he must die, but they could not find the cause. I used everything I ever heard of, but it did no good. He pined and he would not nurse. My husband's sister told me to try Syrup of Pears, and I did so. I used a bottle and the cure commenced to be. After using two bottles more, the cure was complete, and my baby saved. (Mother, Concord, N. H.)

If some people could know how little the certain wealthy men enjoy their riches they would feel ashamed of themselves for their envy.

It is said that the retreating chin indicates weakness, the perpendicular strength, and the sharp acuteness of mind.

Tramps are probably the only class of individuals who follow the advice of physiologists and eat nothing between meals.

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For the Children,

THE WENN'S PIZZERIA

Said a wee mother wren
As she sat in her nest,
With four cunning babies
Tucked up to her breast;
"I very much wonder
Which one I love best.
"I shall know by and by,
When they've found out their own
And are learning to fly;
O the little one thing!
What is that tickle my mate
From the apple tree sing?
(It's a wee mother before),
Yes; the dear foolish fellow—
(In brown and in azure,
In scarlet and yellow),
How clear is his tenor!
How liquid and mellow!"

(And never the bird that
Was strongest to fly,
And sweetest could warble,
Was best in the eye
Of a dext. loving mother);
You'll know by-and-by."

And sings the proud mate
To the lild in the nest;
"You will cherish the weakest one
More than the rest;
And the birds few care for
"You'll surely love best."

Johnny Pig.

little Johnny Katsaway's playmate and him "Johnny Pig," and I do remember that they did, for he was one of the greediest boys that ever lived. Almost every day when dinner was over, and he had eaten so much he could eat any more, he would beg for pudding with a dreadful whine, and what was left of the pudding or which wasn't much, I can assure you any one else. But to put it away in the closet so that he might "eat it later."

and often he would stand for an hour at a time before the windows of every or candy-store, with the tears running down his cheeks, in the despair because he could not eat even though he saw there.

...the very exciting moment
Johnny Pig was coming from the drive
with a small bottle of pareg
the baby, who had a pain (pareg
the only thing that could be sw
and that he could be trusted with
he saw a man in front of him co
ing a basket half full of pretz, p
or packages. Johnny got as near
could to this man, and snuffed at
et.
smelled delicious. Just like
ma's kitchen on cake-baking day
the man ran no every stop, and sa

door bell, and gave one of the messages to whoever came to the door. At last, Johnny Pig, who was by the door a mile from home, and it was very dark, asked the man what the "bakers" said the man.

"Bakeme one," begged Johnny.

"Yo," said the man, "I don't go to the little boys."

At Johnny kept following and teasing and teasing until the man—it was dark now—said, "Well, I'll take one."

a few left, and I want to go to
er, you may have one."
Donny snatched it without even
x-you (greedy boys are never p
sat down on the nearest door-st
the bottle of paregoric by his sid
off the pretty pink paper, and too
—a big bite.
and then he jumped up, knocki
the bottle and breaking it in
ers, and stamped and choked a
ered, and wiped his mouth aga
again on the sleeve of his ne

WAS a cake of soap.—Wide Awake.

Wise Little Jamie.

BY MRS. A. H. BRONSON.

—

nie was not quite three years old.
little sister Helen was not quite
old. She had just begun to cree
her mamma had not put short dres
her yet.

one day their mamma and the two boys were in their pleasant nursery. Mamma wanted to go down stairs at moments, to speak to the cook and her dinner. So she left them alone, telling Jamie to take care of his sisters, and-by she heard a loud screech. She ran up quickly, and what did she see? Helen was sitting right on the top of the first stair, and brother John was sitting on the skirt of her low wooden dress! She could not move. "What is the matter?" she asked.

more. If she said she would have
the right down stairs.
"I scratched her, mamma," said Jamie
his eyes full of tears. "She was re
and strucked me, but she didn't
me any."
"Mamma had to laugh and cry too, &
a dreadful thing it would have been
y had broken her little arm or leg
she knew that her baby was quite
once that round, stout little body
her way.
y used to call Jamie "the infant

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little three-year old Willie saw
leading a horse by the halter, and
"Look, papa! that boy has ch
by his neckle."

which gives it such a lively gloss, and thousands of caron which it is perforated, which gives it its great color. Liquid (concentrated) or dry, both set colorfully *Journal and Courier.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From all Parts of the World.

Various Matters.

Twenty-five people escaped almost unharmed from a burning hotel, at Nashville, Friday night. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, took place last night. The house was packed and hundreds were turned away unable to obtain admittance. Although the theatre celebrated its second anniversary Saturday, only three plays have been upon its boards, "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Col. C. A. Tucker has been appointed General Superintendent of the Eastern Division of the Western Union Telegraph Company, comprising all of New England, with James Matthews as his assistant. Headquarters in New York city. Both are veteran telegraphers. Black Coal, Sharp Horn, Little Wolf, White Horse and Iron, Asaphus, all from Fort War, Wyoming, are at Cardiff, Pa., on a visit to their children at the Indian school. They are in charge of Agent Hutton, and compelling their visit will go to Washington. Their delight at meeting their children was very great. North Adams, Mass., is to have a genuine civil damage suit. A widow, whose husband recently had his legs cut off by a train of cars while he lay on the track awaiting the arrival of the wife's brother, has sued a North Adams liquor dealer for damages. This will be an interesting case. Still another \$5,000 debt has been discovered in the accounts of the American Farmer, of New York. An application for \$500,000 of the proposed new three per cent has been made by an estate national bank.

A Tale of the Ocean.

Friendship Balling, owned in Liverpool, from Halifax to Liverpool, long overdue, is supposed to be lost with all on board. A boat and several bodies have been found off points on the British coast, and identified as belonging to the ship. She carried 67 persons.

A Mining Horror in Virginia.

On the 2nd inst, an explosion occurred in one of the Midlothian's Co. mines in Chesterfield county, Va. Thirty-two miners were imprisoned in the mine, and all hope of recovering any of them alive has been abandoned. The shaft in which the explosion occurred is nearly 600 feet deep, running about three quarters of a mile in a lateral direction. The Midlothian coal mines belong to the estate of the late H. H. Barrow, of New York, and cost about twelve years ago between \$400,000 and \$500,000. A similar disaster occurred in the same shaft in 1876, by which nine persons lost their lives.

The Progress of Small Pox.

Mrs. Baker, of Adams, Mass., died Saturday of small pox. James Smith of the same place, has the disease and there are two cases at Richmond. Small pox took an advance step in Brooklyn last week. Fourteen cases were reported against 13 the previous week, but only one death was reported. Thirty-six cases were found in New York city, a decrease of 23 cases as compared with last week.

Short News Notes.

A new hotel at Long Branch was blown down Saturday night. It was intended for a summer hotel, and could not stand the blast of winter. The Jefferson school-house in West- ington, D. C., valued at \$125,000, was burned Saturday. The new storm came up the Atlantic coast, and off- iced itself heavily throughout all New England. Two children were badly burned in Cleveland, O., Saturday, by the explosion of a powder horn with which they were playing. The family had just moved into the house and the horn had been left with ill intent by the last occupant. Lake Champlain was frozen over Saturday morning, and the ice is now solid from shore to shore, the latest closing for twelve years. The British steamer Cosmo, last reported at Sub- ropolis from Calcutta, via Norfolk, has foundered in the Black Sea. Ten corpses have washed ashore from the vessel near Kilia. C. B. Brook and Co.'s barrel factory, a lumber yard, stables and other buildings in Jersey City were burned at a loss of \$50,000, Monday.

Condensations.

Perry March, a veteran of the war of 1812, died Monday at his home in Northfield, Vt., aged 85 years. Cad- ict Midshipman Callahan, of the United States steamer Saratoga, was accidentally shot and killed at Kobe, Japan, while at drill. At the annual meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, the Lalande astronomy prize was awarded to Professor Swift, of Rochester, N. Y. Congress will be invited to aid a scheme for a ship canal to connect the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, at a cost of two or twelve million dollars. Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston occupied the pulpit of the late Dr. Bellows, in New York, Sunday, and paid a high tribute to the late pastor. Rev. Dr. Collier, at his church, also preached a sermon upon the virtues of Dr. Bellows.

Twin Baby Elephants.

Captain Sims has just arrived in Liverpool with twin baby elephants, born on the passage from Africa, the first instance on record of a birth of the species on shipboard. Samuel Watson, agent of Adam Forepaugh, is negotiating for their purchase.

RECOVERED FROM DEATH.

The following statement of William J. O'Connell, of Somerville, Mass., is a remarkable story of recovery from death. It is a story of a man who was killed by a train of cars while he lay on the track awaiting the arrival of the wife's brother, and who was found dead by the police. He was taken to the hospital, and the doctors pronounced him dead. He was buried in the cemetery, and the funeral was held. He was found alive by a passer-by, and taken to the hospital. He recovered from his wounds, and is now well.

The Democrats' Luck.

The Democrats' luck with the 1880 election is a subject for the future.

THEIR ARE 3,000,000 DOLLARS IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE.

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J. E. Landers' Column.

KEROSENE LAMP DEPOT,
101 THAMES STREET

With thanks to my friends and customers for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon me in the past, and reflecting a continuance of the same in the future, which I shall always endeavor to substantially appreciate, I now have the pleasure to offer to my customers and the public in general, who really seek to obtain the best value for their money, regardless of any inclination they may have to trade elsewhere, a large and well selected stock of

CHANDELIERS,

2, 3 & 4 Lights,

Hall and Entry Lamps and Lanterns,

Fine Bronze Lamps of every description,

Artistic specimens of fine Cy- linder Vase Lamps, from the well-known manufacturers of Mitchell, Vance & Co., Brad- ley, Hubbard & Co., and Jules Dardenville, in Kinta, Japanese, Copeland and Sax- on China, Longway, Valencia, Majolica and English Lustre.

Solid Brass Lamps, with all the leading Burners and Shades,

Brass Candlesticks of every description; Decorated and Plain Candles, all sizes.

German Student Lamps, in Brass or Nickel, double or single,

American Student Lamp, in one or two burners,

The Cleveland Student Lamp, and the Leader Student in nickel,

Perkins & House's Non-Ex- plosive Lamp with all the various parts.

Plain and ornamental Por- celain Shades,

Plain Cut and Hand-Painted Globes for the Duplex and Moshering Burners.

Paper Shades, Chimneys, Burners, and Wicks for all burners now in use.

Piazza, Barn and Station-Lan- terns in Tin, Brass and Nick- el Plate,

Dark Lanterns in all the va- rious sizes.

Several new styles of Small Brass Hand Lanterns for house use.

All the leading brands of Pure Kerosene and Pratt's Astral Oil,

Oleophene Oil put up in seal- ed cans, Naphtha and Fluids.

Student and French Lamps cleaned and repaired; new parts furnished at manufacturers' prices; waxes supplied and furnished with the Duplex Har- vard and Moshering Burners, at regular prices; in fact, every article pertaining to the Lamp and Lantern trade can be found at the regular

LAMP & OIL DEPOT,

NO. 101 THAMES STREET.

A. C. LANDERS.

J. E. Landers' Column.

Just Received,
ANOTHER LOT OF VERY FINE

Walnut CHAMBER SETS,
GIVING US NOW A LARGE AND ELEGANT LINE OF CHAMBER FURNITURE.

PARLOR

12 Different Pattern Sets in Walnut.

8 Different Pattern Sets in Ash and Chestnut.

And a Large Variety of PAINTED SETS.

FURNITURE

1 HAVE JUST RECEIVED 4 MORE NEW PARLOR SUITES — SOPAS, EASY CHAIRS, LOUNGES, &c.

Malaga and ornamental Por- celain Shades,

Plain Cut and Hand-Painted Globes for the Duplex and Moshering Burners.

Paper Shades, Chimneys, Burners, and Wicks for all burners now in use.

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Advertisements.

BUTTER
Receiving weekly, choice Butter, in packages from 20 to 115 pounds, also Albany Butter, received Tues- days and Saturdays, fresh made.

EGGS.

Fresh Island Eggs always in stock, which I offer for sale at the very low- est market prices.

Groceries

Receiving weekly, new invoices of choice Family Groceries, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Canned Goods, Beans, Cheese, Ham, Lard, Meal, Flour, Butter, Tongues, Saus- ages, &c.

JUST RECEIVED.

Go to No. 1 and No. 2 New Market, in the old Baldwin and Greening Apple, Potatoes, Onions, Turnips, Carrots, &c., of good quality.

SALT.

Salt, by the peck, bushel and sack, all qualities; Rock Salt, for horses and cattle.

FLOUR.

Flour of the following brands: Washburn & Co.'s, Pillsbury's, Best, Superior, all new process Minne- sota wheat; I also have my own brand, Barber's Perfection, which is un- equaled in quality, and I am offer- ing flour of all grades at lower prices. I have in store, in London and West- ern Flour.

GRAIN, HAY, STRAW, &c.

Hay, in small and large bales; Straw, in small and large bales, by the bale or ton; Northern and Southern Point- ed Meal, white, yellow and yellow- Oats, Bran, Fine Feed, Oil meal, Feed Meal, Bran, Chop, &c. Bids filled with good, clean Oat Straw.

I offer my entire stock at the very lowest market prices—discount for part cash. Apply to

C. P. BARBER,

4 & 6 Market Sq.,

NEWPORT, R. I.

HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINES

A FULL SUPPLY OF

Pellets and Tinctures

from the laboratory of

BOERHKE and TAFEL,

119 THAMES STREET.

DOWNING'S.

25 and 27 Broadway.

ORANGES,

MALAGA GRAPES,

Raisins, Prunes, Nuts, &c.

IN GREAT VARIETY AND OF EXCEL- LENT QUALITY, AT

WILLIAM E. DENNIS',

93 Thames Street.

BLANK

BOOKS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

TILLEY'S

News Depot,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

PURE NEAT'S-FOOT OIL

HAVING just received a large lot of Neat's Foot Oil, which is pure, and will burn without smoke, and is the best for all purposes. It is the only oil of the kind in the city, and is sold at the lowest prices. Apply to

JOHN MCCARTY,

Between Water and Cornhill Streets,

TRUCKS OF ALL KINDS

ON HAND AND REPAIRED.

Market Square.

7-10-12

People's Coal Co.

COAL
Are selling their favorite move, Chestnut and Furnace Coal at their usual Low Summer Prices, also the genuine Lyons Valley for less money than its worth. Examine this coal and prices at

Perry Brothers.

BUY YOUR COAL

GARDINER B. REYNOLDS & CO.,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Best Furnace Coals and Best Range Coals,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

AMERICAN & ENGLISH COAL.

OAK AND MAPLE WOOD, FOR FIREPLACES.

Go To

Pinniger & Manchester's,

COAL and WOOD,

Best Qualities at Lowest Prices.

PINNIGER & MANCHESTER, - - PERRY-MILL WHARF.

1881 FALL 1881 PRESERVE JARS

WE ARE NOW prepared to show a large and elegant line of Preserve Jars, and to

CARPETS!

Oil Cloths and Linoleums!

SMYRNA RUGS, MATS, &c

Specially Selected for the Pres- ent Season.

WM. C. COZZENS & CO.,

74 1-2

THAMES STREET,

TAYLOR & BENNETT

119 THAMES STREET.

We have a few more left, and offer them at still lower prices to effect a sale.

\$25-OVERCOATS FOR \$20.

\$20-OVERCOATS FOR \$15.

\$18-OVERCOATS FOR \$14.

Fill. per box. Four boxes \$5. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. Address Dr. Clarke Medicine Company, 222 Broadway, N. Y. 1-14-17

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Medicine.

Wash. Mowls, Panels, and every de-
 of Plumbing Materials as cheap as can
 be elsewhere. Lead Pipe and Fittings and
 also all kinds of Brass and Copper fittings
 made to order. Ship Castings of all
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217 Waterloo Street, Singapore

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-morning, frequent or difficult urina-
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H. Ward & Co., New York.

PITS, FIVE, FIVE,
Fully treated by World's Dispensary
Association. Address, with stamp for
Buffalo, N. Y.

ready willing to give hundred dollars immediately to relieve my wife, I have no objection in declaring, that St. Jacobs Oil will sign, says M. V. B. Harwood, Esq. (of & Harwood), Boston, Mass., and the undersigned of the merits.

